

Memories of the past, Problems of the future

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Summary: A young woman that has lived on her own for three years after a serious misunderstanding that got her banished from Berk. For three years she's been surrounded by loneliness, when Toothless shows up. will she give into the longing of needing other people and fight to get back to Berk or isolate herself further?

1. Another Note

Authors Note.

Right here I go...um so yeah Im back after a long period of time away, too long in my question.

I have decided to rewrite Memories of the past, problems of the future Just to update the grammar spelling Ect.

The plot is going to stay the same with minor changes so there you have it, I'm back and writing again or will be after I get sleep as it is 3:30 in the morning XD.

Bye for now, :)

2. Chapter 1 Lonely

****I swear this had paragraphs in my word processor not single sentences.**

>This is a rewrite of the origanol story with the same name, was wanting to flesh it out with paragraphs which it had till I submitted it, Does anybody know to to stop your stories from how having paragraphs in a word processor to turning into single sentences on fanficton? **

Chapter one.

It was nightfall and a thick wall of mist rolled onto an island, coating the area like a smothering blanket.

This island looked like any other one, the thick coat of tree's, a typical shoreline where the waves crashed into the side of the cliffs and lapped at the soft sand of a beach.

This island was far from normal, for the past three years a young woman had made her home here. It wasn't much but it had become home.

Rowanne was this woman's name, She wouldn't consider herself lucky or special in any way, just thankful to be alive.

Rowanne had been driven from her old home after a misunderstanding.

She was ever so lonely here she had her dragons that lived with her but even they couldn't fill the pang for a human touch.

She missed the warm touch of another human, a friendly smile, even a simple handshake.

The woman sat up in her bed and wrapped her arms around herself, this was the closest she had ever gotten to a hug in three years, three long lonely years.

Tears silently slipped from her blue eyes as she thought, Did her Father ever think of her? Did he ever try to convince people that she wasn't guilty of the crime she had supposedly committed?

Rowanne had come to terms with the fact she might never know and that she will never get to take back the horrible last words she said to him, those words that brought her so much pain and regret.

Shaking her head to clear her mind the woman wiped her eyes and looked down to her side where a Terrible Terror was curled up fast asleep, Beetlejuice she had called it.

She didn't know why she had given it such a name it just kind of...stuck.

Then there was Razorwing her Timberjack, such a mean looking dragon but he was actually quite friendly...well to Rowanne at least.

The big majestic beast was awake and had been for some time, the thick mist that had coated the island putting him in a state of unease.

"Razorwing?" Rowanne called softly causing the dragon to look at her with his piercing yellow eyes and huff in response, a comforting gesture to it's friend.

Rowanne smiled and carefully picked up Beetlejuice before crawling over to Razorwing and leaning against his snake like body before snuggling into him as he curled his tail up around her.

"Do you remember the winters in Berk?" She asked causing the dragon to grumble in response and nudge Rowanne slightly.

"The icy chill that always hung in the air? Dad's heavily stoked fire in the house, that kept us warm and Hiccup trying out his crazy new inventions...well Hiccup did that every season so it doesn't count" She said with a chuckle as Razorwing tightened his grip around the rider.

"I miss it Razorwing...I miss it all" she said lying back on the ground as Razorwing lowered his head to nuzzle Rowanne, letting off a small rumble as he did.

The dragon looked into it's friends eyes as Rowanne placed her small hands on either side of his head, "Do you think we can ever go back?" Rowanne asked giving off a sigh.

Razorwing let off a strange sort of grumble as he licked her face, and continued to stare at the woman almost as if he was saying, "I know we will...I promise" Rowanne smiled and ran her hands over the rough dragon scales.

"If you had vocal cords this would be one hell of a conversation" Rowanne said as Razorwing moved to grab hold of Rowanne's covers before dropping it on top of her.

She smiled and was sure it covered her cold feet and BeetleJuice who was still snoring peacefully.

"Goodnight Razorwing" Rowanne said with a sigh and snuggled into her dragons warmth as he nuzzled her one last time before folding his wings around her like a tent.

It took Razorwing a long while to get to sleep, as in the distance he thought he heard a dragon cry, not just any dragon cry but the one of a Nightfury.

Tightening his tail around Rowanne he looked down at her, He too remembered the night they were driven away and the pain it had brought his friend.

It was then Razorwing decided that he never wanted to see Rowanne in that state again, He would do anything to keep her safe, to keep her happy.

The large dragon rested his head, coming to the conclusion that the mist was too thick for any dragon to spot the camp from the air or the ground, with one last look at the sky's and his loving friend the dragon soon went to sleep.

For tomorrow was a new day.

Gobber sat at his window looking up at the sky, in his hand he held a hand drawn picture of him and his adopted daughter.

The blacksmith looked down at the drawing and smiled, Rowanne looked so young in the picture but then she had only been an young lass. Around about the age of two when it was drawn.

Her already long white blonde hair, messy, resembling something that looked like a birds nest.

Her blue eyes, happy back then. Gobber missed his daughter dearly,

while he may not let it show while he buried himself in his work, his heart still ached for the missing piece that she held.

He still remembered the day when he first laid eyes on the little infant, her big blue eyes so full of wonder and innocence as she stared up at him from his arms.

Gobber had no idea what to do with a baby, weapons where his forte not a tiny, helpless and fragile baby.

Though when she reached out and her chubby little hands grabbed his claw like replacement for a hand, it didn't matter that he had found her at the docks when her little boat had been pulled up by the fishing nets and he had been dumped with her.

All he knew was that he would figure out how to look after her on his own.

"I promised to keep ya safe Rowanne" He muttered to himself, "but I couldn't even convince the villagers that you hadn't done anything wrong"

Gobber placed the drawing down gently and stood up, "Where ever you are, I hope your safe and doing well and always know I'll never stop searching for you"

The blacksmith went to his own bed and and sighed, "Goodnight Rowanne" He said before drifting off to sleep, hoping one day he might catch a glimpse of his little girl again.

End
file.